

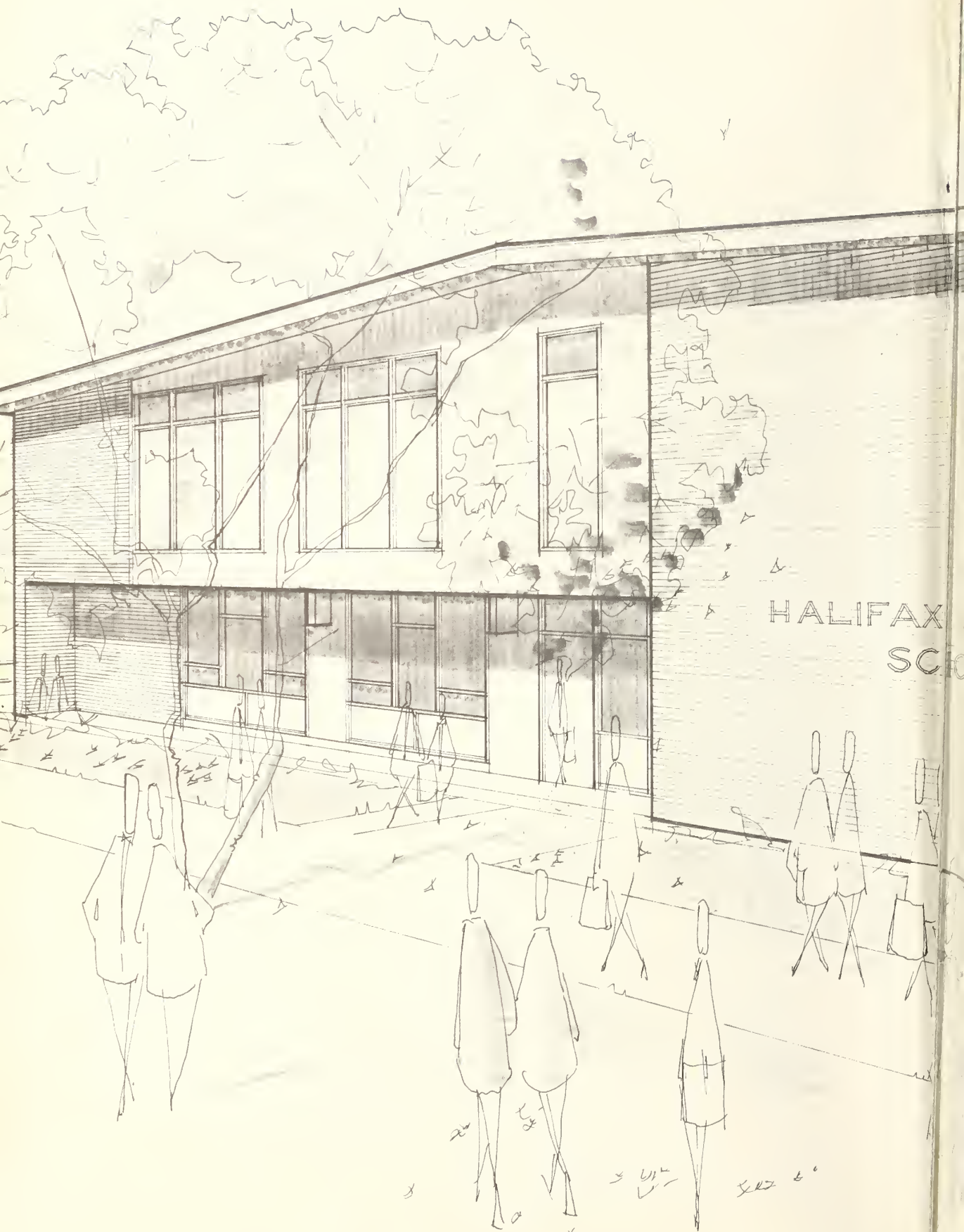
THE GRAMMARIAN

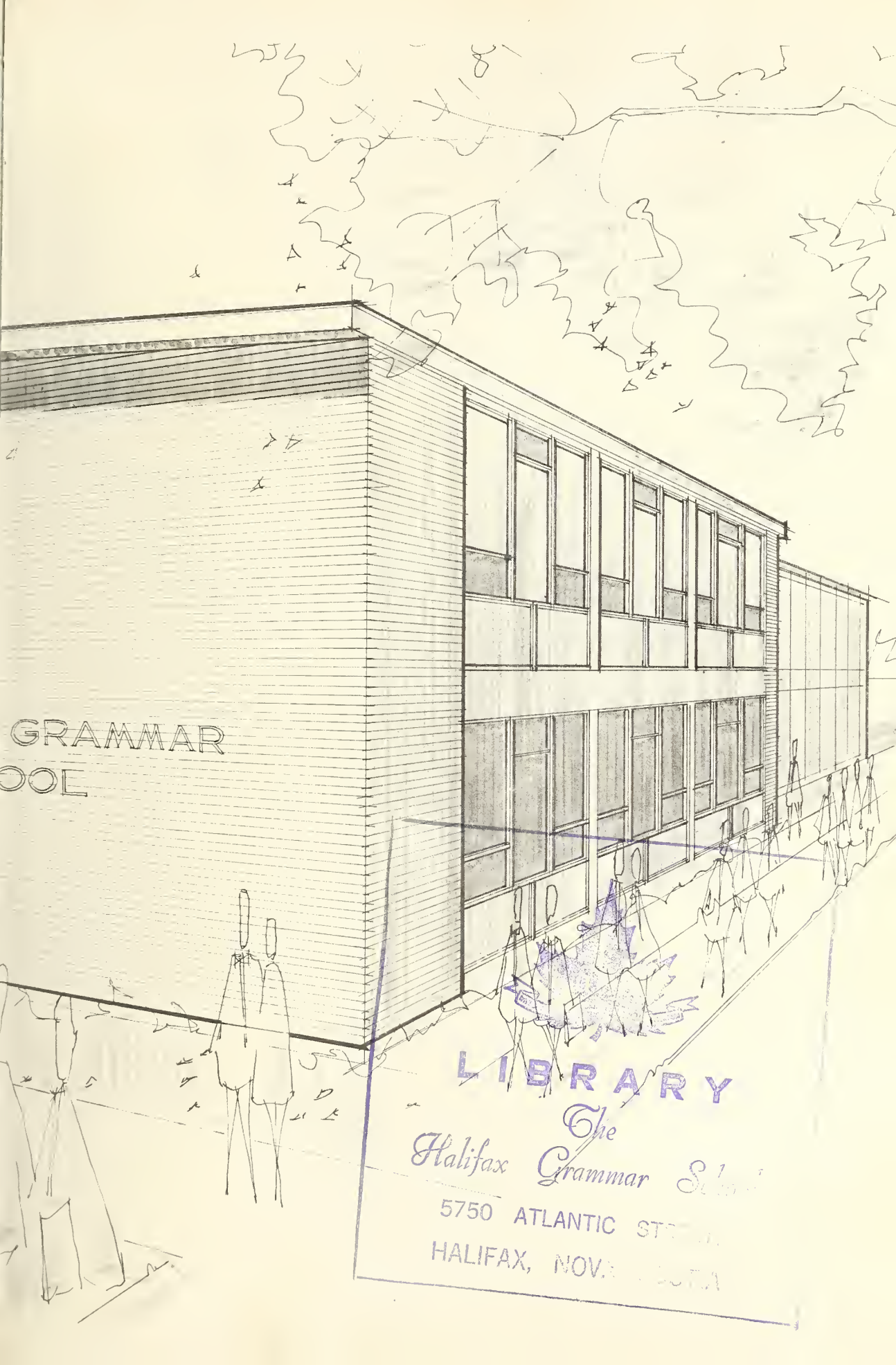


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1969

THE HALIFAX
GRAMMAR SCHOOL





A hand-drawn architectural sketch of a school building. The building is a two-story structure with a flat roof and a series of windows. The left side of the building is labeled 'GRAMMAR SCHOOL' and the right side is labeled 'LIBRARY'. The drawing is done in a sketchy, hand-drawn style with some shading. There are some trees and bushes sketched in the background. The overall style is that of a preliminary architectural drawing.

GRAMMAR
SCHOOL

LIBRARY

The
Halifax Grammar School

5750 ATLANTIC STREET
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



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Ideals

Ideas



Fun and Laughter

Presented by

The Students

of

The Halifax Grammar School

Halifax, Nova Scotia

May, 1969



The ninth edition of THE GRAMMARIAN marks a distinct advance in the evolution of this annual student publication. Instead of the soft cover, mimeographed magazine of former years, you now have in your hands a hard cover yearbook with a great many more photographs than ever before, including coverage of the individual members of the graduating class.

This advance would not have been possible without the initiative and responsibility shouldered by the students themselves. Two groups in particular deserve a large share of the praise: Edward Murphy, Paul Talbot, James Steeves, and David Goldbloom, who solicited advertising to enable us to meet the costs of this ambitious production; and Bernard Newman, James Steeves, and David Goldbloom, who put their time and their own photographic equipment (in the absence of darkroom facilities at the school) wholeheartedly to the service of this publication.

Also to be commended are Susan Nichols, our first girl-editor, and Mr. Karr, the staff adviser, for all the time and effort they have lavished on the preparation of the book. The results speak for themselves.

W. E. P. Currie
Headmaster

Who Are They Now?



2. What a cutie!



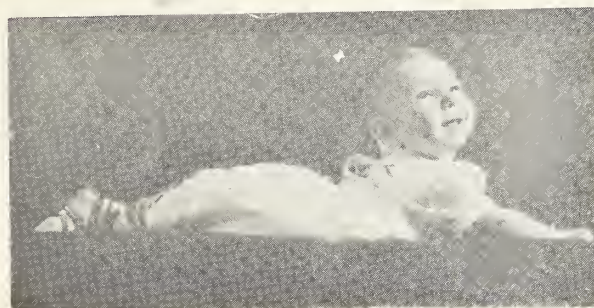
3. Non est ad astra mollis
via



5. I'm
still
smilin'



6. I'll get up
there . .



8. It just takes talent
and lots of backbone.



Those eyes!



11. You must have
been a beautiful
baby.

12. Now, let's think
about that.



9. So's your
ol' man!

10. Let ME have
the ball.

13. Wha' cha'
doin' in there?

14. Now, the way
I see it . . .



15. New theatre, indeed! I was
way ahead of 'em!





MIDDLE THREE

3rd row: W. Stairs, A. Proctor, J. Neal, J. Murwin, V. McGuire, D. Haldane, D. Guy, R. Aterman
 2nd row: Mrs. McLellan, D. Welbourn, R. Rankin, V. Grant, P. Walling, J. McAuley, D. Hogan, J. Greening, G. Buhr, K. Brown
 1st row: J. Ward, K. Norwood, D. Newman, C. Matheson, E. Lim, W. Schwartz, A. Gillis, C. Brandys, S. Acker



MIDDLE TWO

3rd row: R. Quigley, G. Auld, P. Medjuck, M. Raymond, L. Tingley, A. Merchant
 2nd row: Mr. Spencer, A. Lim, L. Guyette, J. Garay, R. Murray, R. Walker, A. Shaw
 1st row: N. Hill, T. Brown, E. Mitchell, B. Oland, C. Porter, C. Piercey, N. Mann



The Faculty

2nd row: Mr. Johnstone, Mrs. Frei, Mrs. Cassidy, Mrs. McLellan, Miss Marki, Miss Keith, Mrs. Fox,
Mr. Benvie
1st row: Mr. Bradon, Mrs. Scobbie, Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Karr, Mr. Currie, Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Embree,
Mrs. McGuire, Dr. Morris
Absent: Dr. Rolland, Mrs. Gillis



Mrs. Wilson



Miss Mahar



Mr. Smith



2nd row: R. Piercey, C. Morash, P. Talbot, S. Nichols, J. Steevens, C. Wilson, B. Newman
 1st row: Mr. Karr, H. Barton, J. Crosby, R. MacLelland, D. Goldbloom, E. Murphy

The Editorial Board

Editor-in-chief	Susan Nichols
Assistant Editor-in-chief	Robert MacLelland
Literary Editor	Claire Morash
Assistant Literary Editor	Claire Wilson
Art Editor	Harris Barton
Assistant Art Editor	David Goldbloom
Sports Editor	Randall Piercey
Assistant Sports Editor	James Crosby
Advertising Editor	Edward Murphy
Assistant Advertising Editor	James Steeves
Activities Editor	Paul Talbot
Photography Editor	Bernard Newman
Assistant Photography Editor	James Steeves
Faculty Adviser	James Karr

Acknowledgements: We wish to express our appreciation in particular to Mrs. Aslin and Mrs. Nichols for help in typing in text.

We also wish to express gratitude to everyone who has in any way contributed to the success of this ambitious undertaking.

Graduating Class



JOHN CRACE

"Do your duty and leave the rest to Heaven."

Equipped with water pistol and mischievous grin, John eagerly takes part in the pranks of "the gang". He also adds his good nature to all Student Council activities and takes good care of its funds. John has been our outstanding creator of characters and slapstick comedy for hilarious posters down through the years; but there's no joking when John, hockey stick in hand, steps on the ice for the H.G.S. team. Going for edelweiss next year?

AIDAN EVANS

"Time for every purpose and for every work."

Aidan, an excellent and energetic student, is a credit to the School and to himself. Very quiet and often avoiding praise, he proves that not being over-talkative is not an impediment to popularity or success. Aidan lets his good humour and industry speak for him, and so far they have done well. An eager participant in school activities and sports—to say nothing of his riposte on our "Reach for the Top" team—he has been a real asset to his class and his School. A university scholarship is a recent accolade.



HELEN FLINT

*"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."*

Helen, a newcomer, has added a feminine touch to the class and a hint of Scottish temper that has kept the boys in their places. Helen's achievement of excellence in literature and languages and her sensitivity in painting testify to her love of the arts—a love which does not yet, however, embrace Euclid and his ilk. A sharp sense of humour, dry wit, independent outlook on life, and a personal idiom animate her writing. Her considerable talents have been recognized with a university scholarship.



JAMES GUMPERT

"An angel at home, but a devil abroad."

Jim's golden locks and blue eyes suggest an angelic temperament, but beware!—behind them lurks mischief. A passionate car lover, he enjoys defending the merits of his "Volks". Sometimes pensive, but usually merry and joking, Jim is an active member of Hi-Y and an avid sailor. His consistent rank among the academic leaders of his class has won him a university scholarship, and next year Dalhousie will have the pleasure of his company.

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON

"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

In only two years at H.G.S., Bill has adjusted splendidly. Carefree, whimsical, friendly, and musical, he does both the bass guitar and trumpet great justice, with a musical credit for the latter. Bill has a National Lifeguard Award and a Bronze Cross. Soccer, a credit course at the Art College, academic efforts, and generous plans for next year manage to keep him busy.



PHILIP KWOK

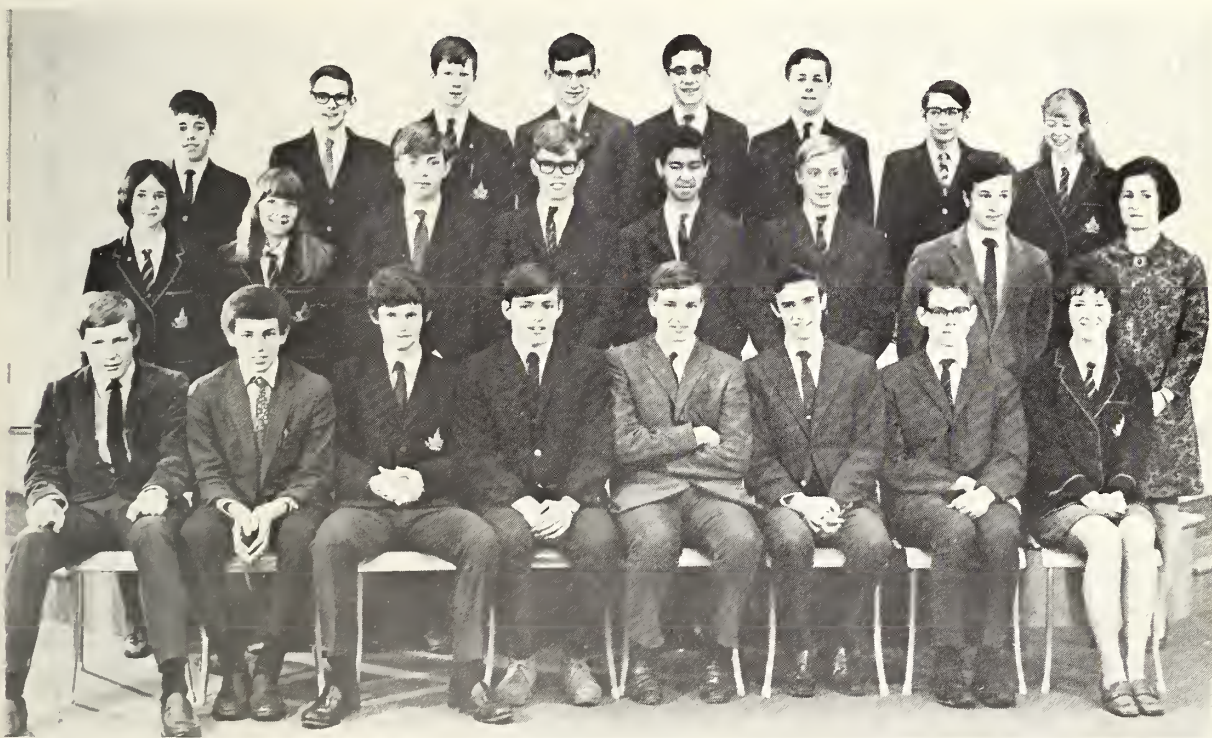
"Never idle a moment, but thrifty, and thoughtful of others."

Phil, from Hong Kong, quickly overcame a deficiency in English and rose to lead his class. His impressive accomplishments are not only academic. Being the Gentleman of Upper 4, Phil's pleasant manners and outlook have won him favour in the school. A quick grin shows Phil's warmth of character. With diverse interests, Phil can be found in the "lab", deep in a book, or demonstrating karate. Medicine and Dalhousie are his present aims.



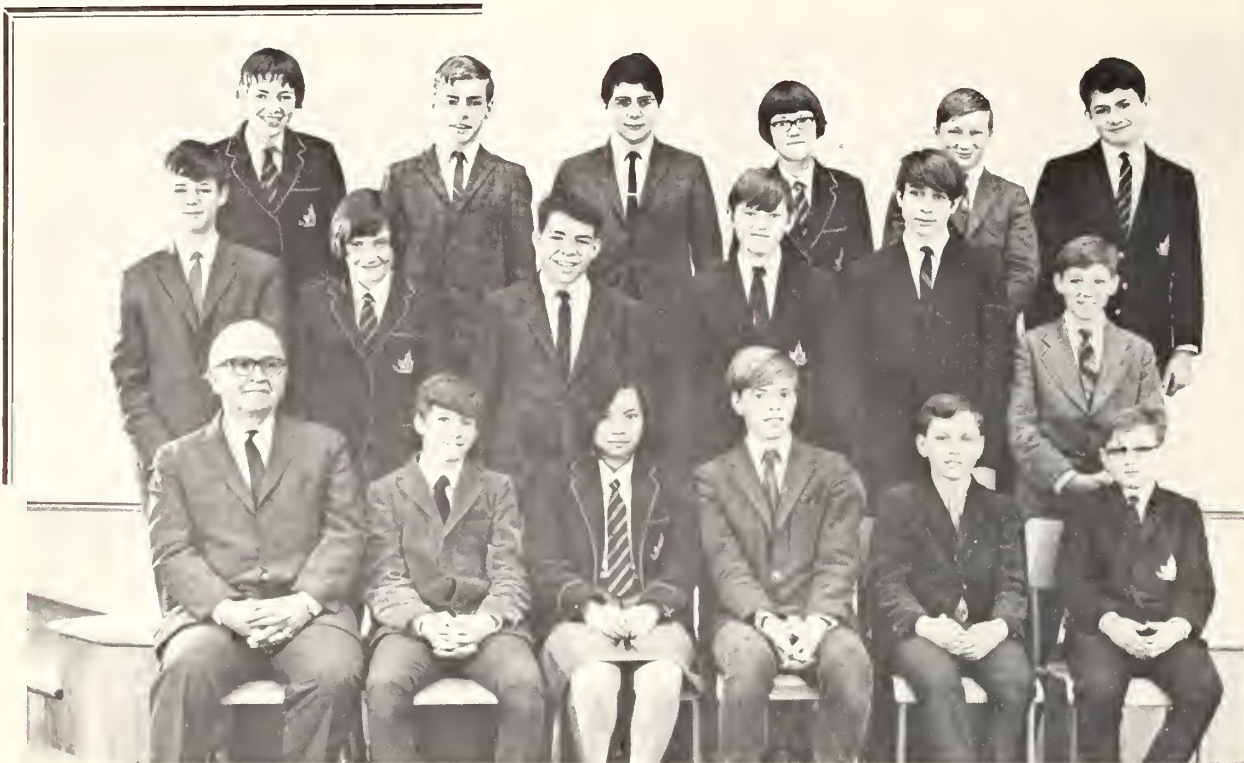
UPPER THREE

2nd row: B. Mizerit, C. Morash, R. Piercey, D. Rhude, J. Welbourn, S. Nichols
 1st row: Mr. Karr, K. Vaughan, E. Murphy, H. Barton, F. McQuire, G. Heggie



UPPER TWO

3rd row: M. Quigley, J. Smith, I. Youle, M. Monahan, J. Glube, A. Finley, D. Hirsch, J. Shepperson
 2nd row: L. Edelstein, S. Richardson, H. Corston, J. Crosby, K. Chopra, D. Tingley, D. Goldbloom,
 Mrs. Cassidy
 1st row: R. Burton, T. Purves, P. Talbot, J. Steeves, V. Slauenwhite, R. MacLelland, W. Price, C.
 Wilson



UPPER ONE

3rd row: C. Jannasch, R. Hawkins, M. Newman, J. Doule, T. Norwood, M. Soares
 2nd row: J. Rhude, S. Mann, J. Slater, J. Mingo, A. Tibbetts, P. Merchant
 1st row: Mr. Bradon, R. Richardson, P. Lim, R. Shears, G. Crosby, D. Wainwright



MIDDLE FOUR

3rd row: P. Wainwright, R. Hirsch, M. Burnstein, A. Sidorov, E. Glube, T. Reid
 2nd row: P. Monahan, R. Grant, D. Black, A. Gillis, K. Guyette, M. Latter, J. Colwell, J. Longley
 1st row: D. Joudrey, B. Medjuck, B. Thomson, Mr. Benvie, W. Lim, A. MacLachlan, M. Jannasch



MIDDLE ONE

row: G. Clarke, H. Glube, M. Burnstein, C. Schandl, P. Aterman, W. Mayo, R. Boyd
 row: C. Ward, D. Ottman, J. Mingo, K. Honig, N. Palmer, M. Pugsley, P. Macnab
 row: D. Ritchie, C. Morrow, E. Jannasch, Mr. Johnstone, P. Richardson, D. Heath, J. Lindgren



PREP FOUR

3rd row: J. Forgie, D. Price, V. Byrom, A. Clark, C. Walling, J. Bugden, A. Grantmyre, W. Speirs,
 J. Grantmyre
 2nd row: H. Conter, P. Whitby, P. Hunt, J. Schwartz, T. Manuge, J. Welch, A. Pugsley, J. Szerb,
 Mrs. McGuire
 1st row: J. Wedlake, J. Mitchell, S. Hawkins, C. Carver, R. Flint, C. Shaw, M. Sullivan



PREP THREE

3rd row: B. Fairn, S. Stevens, B. Morse, V. Cunningham, R. Oland, N. Guy
 2nd row: Miss Marki, E. Maclean, T. Terriss, D. Sullivan, M. Manuge, G. Gruner, J. Murphy
 1st row: J. Mackay, P. Johnston, W. MacDermaid, J. Thompson, S. Byrom, C. Reed



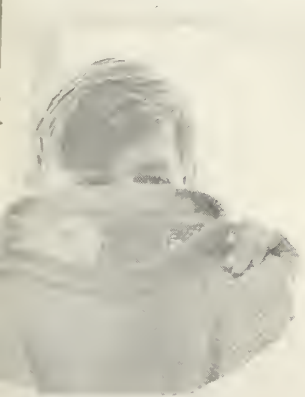
PREP TWO

3rd row: P. Graham, W. Manzig, A. Whitby, C. Monahan, P. Aterman
 2nd row: Mrs. McCarthy, M. Rankin, J. Williams, D. Carver, C. Norvelle, A. Porter
 1st row: B. Maclean, M. Honig, J. Ritchie, P. Gow, D. Harris

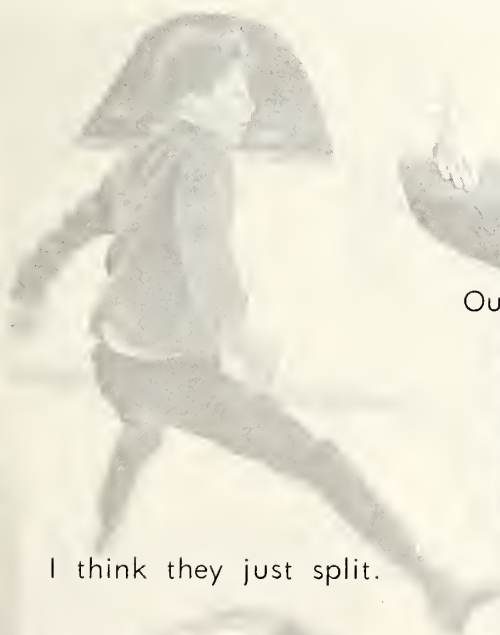


PREP ONE

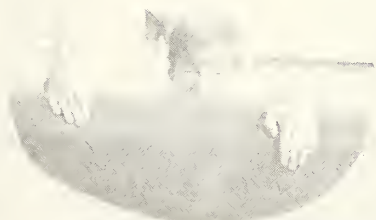
3rd row: C. Armstrong, P. Hart, E. Peaslee, K. Harris, J. Ritchie, A. Silverman, J. Aquino
 2nd row: Miss Keith, L. Medjuck, B. Reed, T. Conter, R. Farmer, J. Blanchard, D. Hatfield
 1st row: C. Brown, M. Hildebrand, R. Samek, N. Mingo, M. Hawkins, M. Moore, P. Buell



I am a camera.



I think they just split.



Ouch! . . . I missed!



The gauntlet.



Tarzan or the ape?



On the ball.



2nd row: W. Mayo, T. Brown, Mrs. McLellan, K. Brown, G. Neal, J. McAuley, C. Brandys, M. Latta
1st row: H. Barton, D. Tupper, J. Grace, D. Scouler, D. Tripp, C. Wilson, R. Shears

The Student Council

The Student Council this year consisted of representatives from Middle 3 and 4, with Mrs. McLellan as Faculty Adviser, and representatives of Upper 1, 2, 3, and 4, with Dr. Morris as Faculty Adviser.

When the elections were held in October, it was evident there was a great deal of enthusiasm in the student body. Middle 3 and Middle 4 sponsored various campaigns with all the trappings of political high-jinks: banners, placards, speeches, and behind-the-scenes bargaining. The tension is well illustrated by the vote for Vice-President: 36, 35, and 34.

The Executive Committee this year consists of David Scouler, President; David Tripp, Vice-President; John Grace, Treasurer; and Douglas Tupper, Secretary. The Class Representatives are energetic and hard-working and coordinate well with the Executive.

During the year the Council has sponsored a Keep-Our-School-Clean campaign, a candy sale which netted over one hundred dollars, and the annual Winter Carnival. The success of this affair and the degree of enjoyment of all those who attended speak highly of the Council's planning and hard work.

Some of these funds were used to buy gifts for Miss Mahar upon the occasion of her retirement. These were presented to her at a special assembly called to express the affection and gratitude of the students and staff.

The remainder of the funds raised this year will be used to buy additional sports equipment and to underwrite the School dance which is planned for the end of the year.



Spray and Spume



Before the Wind

Photography
by
James Steeves



3rd row: G. A. Finley, I. Youle, J. Mingo, J. Smith
 2nd row: L. Edelstein, M. Monahan, C. Wilson, D. Tingley, S. Richardson
 1st row: B. Newman, K. Chopra, Mrs. Cassidy, W. Price, A. Evans

Math Club

Students interested in mathematics have been gathering regularly this year to explore areas of the subject not necessarily covered in our mathematics curriculum. The idea had been suggested in past years, but it was only at the beginning of this year that there was enough student interest to justify the formation of a club. There are now about thirteen regular members—but guests are always welcome!

At our Wednesday meetings a talk is presented by one of the students, and everyone participates in the discussion which follows. Topics range from practical ones which are of great help in everyday work—"Better Ways of Solving Equations Using Matrices", "Speed Mathematics", "Logarithms in Computations"—to more general but equally interesting ones—"How an Airplane Flies", "Geometric Fallacies", "Probability".

On other occasions club members visit Dalhousie University where they are introduced to such equipment as the desk calculator and the computer. Complete knowledge of equipment of this type is, apparently, essential to competence in "mathematics of the future".

Members of the club are enthusiastic about the work of the organization this year and are looking forward to an even more active year ahead.



Fallout!!



THE DEBATING CLUB

1st row: J. Colwell, R. Aterman, P. Walling, P. Monahan, V. Grant, K. Guyette, D. Newman, M. Latter
 2nd row: Mrs. McLellan, B. Medjuck, G. Buhr, J. Greening, S. Acker, T. Reid, B. Thomson
 3rd row: P. Wainwright, A. MacLachlan, J. Longley, A. Gillis, V. McGuire, D. Haldane, C. Matheson, M. Burnstein

DEBATING AND QUIZ CLUBS

Two of the most active organizations in the School this year have been the Debating and Quiz Clubs of Middle 3 and Middle 4. Under the direction of Mrs. McLellan, these organizations have enjoyed weekly meetings of wide participation and animated competition.

The enthusiastic student support of these groups should provide a truly inspiring example for the other classes in the school, for they have been long-term demonstrations of unflagging school spirit from their inception in the Fall Term.



THE QUIZ CLUB

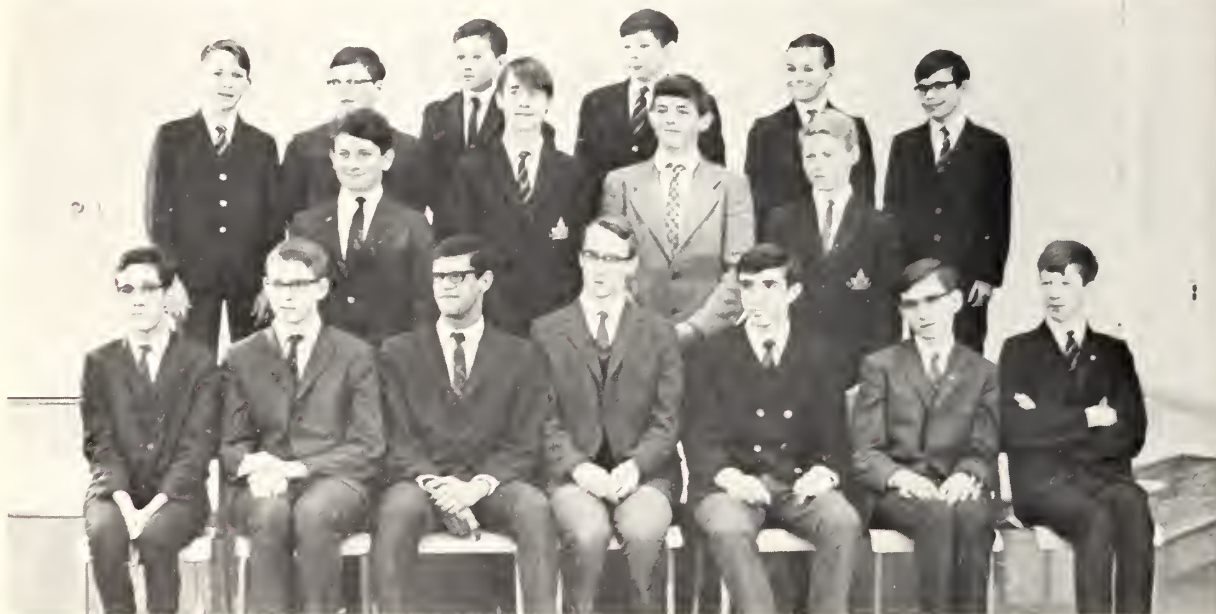
3rd row: K. Norwood, J. Ward, R. Aterman, E. Glube, V. McGuire, E. Lim, C. Matheson, C. Brandys, M. Latter
 2nd row: Mrs. McLellan, K. Brown, A. MacLachlan, G. Buhr, J. Longley, D. Black, B. Medjuck, S. Acker, V. Grant, J. Greening, M. Jannasch
 1st row: B. Thomson, P. Monahan, P. Walling, R. Hirsch, J. Colwell, A. Gillis, D. Newman, G. Neal, J. McAuley, M. Burnstein



3rd row: A. Shaw, L. Medjuck, T. Conter, L. Silverman, K. Harris, E. Peaslee, P. Hart, B. Reed, J. Ritchie, J. Blanchard, B. Oland, E. Mitchell
 2nd row: M. Hawkins, C. Walling, V. Byrom, N. Mingo, P. Farmer, M. Moore, M. Hildebrand, P. Buel
 1st row: Mrs. McCarthy, R. Samek, M. Raymond, P. Medjuck, L. Tingley, D. Murray, M. Rankin, A. Whitby, P. Graham

LOWER SCHOOL DANCE GROUP

Students from all grades of the Lower School gather each Tuesday for interpretive dancing. This activity improves their ability to listen to the different rhythms of music, their coordination, and the body control necessary for quick, stretched, and sustained movements. Each student is encouraged to translate the abstract of music into the concrete of body form and movement.



CHESS CLUB

3rd row: C. Matheson, P. Wainwright, P. Monahan, J. Colwell, C. Brandys, R. Aterman
 2nd row: D. Welbourn, D. Joudrey, M. Jannasch, G. Buhr
 1st row: J. Glube, W. Price, H. Barton, A. Evans, F. McGuire, M. Monahan, I. Youle



nd row: R. Hirsch, P. Wainwright, R. Grant, S. Richardson, J. Colwell, J. Shepperson, P. Monahan, D. Hirsch
st row: H. Corston, E. Glube, D. Goldbloom, Mr. Bradon, R. MacLelland, M. Latter, M. Jannasch

FRENCH DRAMA GROUP

During the winter and spring terms a number of students and adults have been participating in an informal drama group which has been concentrating on a few scenes from the rich pages of French literature. Among these are "L'Amour medecin" and "Les Romanesques". This is a first venture and everyone is hopeful it will lead to the production of a French program next year.



nd row: Christopher Porter, Elizabeth Mitchell
st row: David Murray, Mr. Spencer, Alice Lim

LOWER SCHOOL STAMP CLUB

Some people think stamp collecting must be very dull, but the members of this group could not disagree more. Once one has become interested in stamps and the places they represent, there is no limit to one's enthusiasm. Our group has certainly found this to be true. Naturally, the fact that our group contains a couple of World travellers increases the interest and the possibility of "swapping" stamps.



3rd row: J. Shepperson, M. Soares, M. Latter, E. Glube, K. Norwood
 2nd row: D. Joudrey, M. Newman, Mrs. Fox, P. Lim, J. Colwell, E. Lim, V. McGuire, M. Jannasch
 1st row: C. Jannasch, V. Grant, A. Tibbetts, W. Lim, K. Guyette

* * * * *

ART CLUB

The thought of Art Club on Wednesday afternoon carries many a student through the hardships of the academic day. After school fifteen or twenty of these aspiring artists gather in the Art Room to express their ideas in any reasonable medium their fancies lead them to; whenever they run into difficulties, Mrs. Fox is ready to give friendly advice and constructive criticism.

Three dimensional work is done in a wide range of materials from beans and toothpicks to papier maché—very popular even if a little messy—and clay fired in our own school kiln. Attractive murals and pictures are produced, using water colours, pastels, oil, India ink, and cut paper.

Enjoyment and creativity are the dual—and realized—objectives of the Art Club.



Ars longa



THE RECORDER GROUP

2nd row: Mr. Garber, A. Clark, S. Smith, D. Sullivan, P. Whitby, M. Manuge
1st row: S. Kirke, J. Thompson, S. Byrom, G. Clarke, C. Reed



2nd row: P. Talbot, R. Shears, E. Lim
1st row: J. Crosby, W. Lim, K. Chopra

BADMINTON TEAM

On March 1st an eager squad of students went to Prince Andrew High School to compete for the metro area badminton championship. Seven other teams of six members each provided competition of a high calibre. Our "A" singles entry, William Lim, fared well, coming in third, but our other players didn't seem to force any opponents into submission. Still, the new acquaintances and the good workout made the affair well worthwhile.



CERAMIC PHASES

Self-portrait life mask in bisque ware — fired, unglazed

Markus Jannasch

Girl Reading — glazed figurine

Markus Jannasch

Incised ceramic pot — unfired

William Lim



"REACH FOR THE TOP" TEAM

nd row: Douglas Tupper, Bernard Newman
st row: Michael Monahan, Aidan Evans, William Price

"This is a 'Who am I?' question. It's worth forty points if you can tell who I am from the first clue.

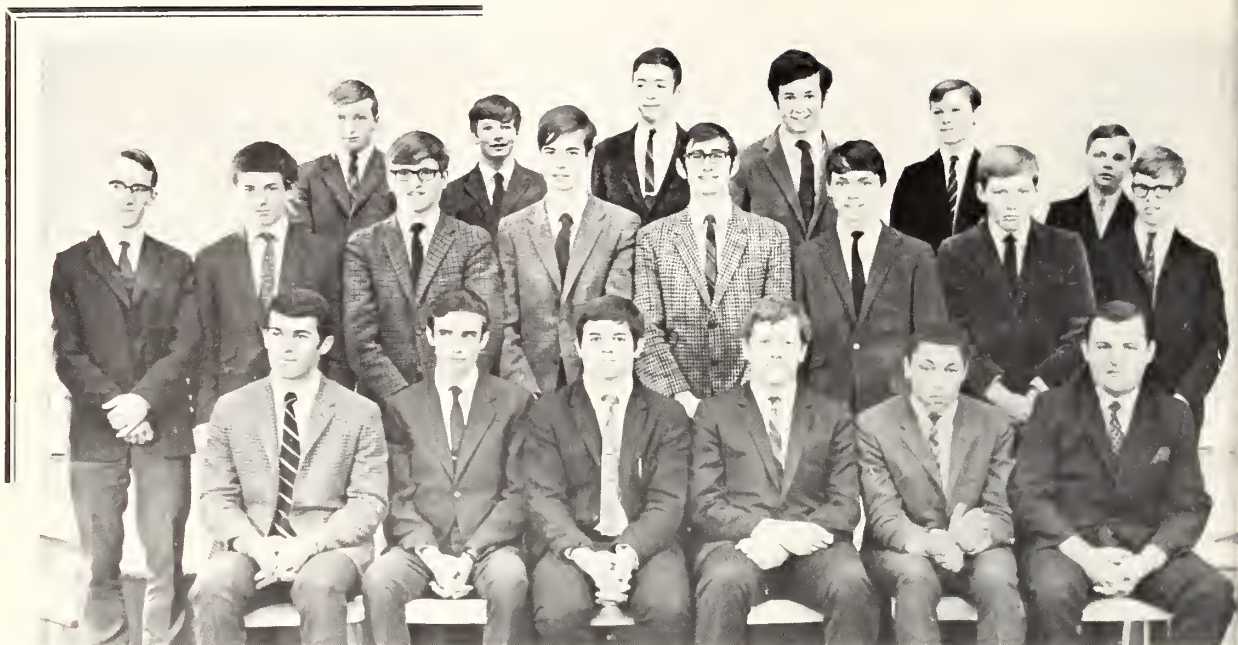
"I was born in 1966 in the mind of a CBC executive doing his part for "rotten management"*. Being a stimulant for "wit and quick recall", I have matured in three years of success and may be seen every Friday evening. Who am I?"

Jesting aside, the CBC's "Reach for the Top" is a commendable effort to stimulate a thirst for knowledge. Into one half-hour (interrupted by three commercials) are jammed as many questions as the teams can answer. Success demands quick and correct answers on a wide range of queries from chemistry through politics to art and music recognition.

The motivation of the programme is, however, competition. This is the "life of the party", and the party is Canada-wide. In July regional winners will converge on St. John's, Newfoundland, for the Canadian championship. "Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained, The reward of it all" is still the goal.

Thus far, we have been fortunate enough to win over Clare District High School, Musquodoboit Rural High, King's College School, and Windsor High School. Who knows. . . ?

*See Judy LaMarsh



3rd row: T. Norwood, R. Richardson, A. MacLachlan, D. Goldbloom, R. Grant, G. Crosby
 2nd row: A. Evans, T. Purves, R. Piercey, D. Rhude, D. Scouler, D. Tupper, R. Burton, J. Crosby
 1st row: Mr. McLellan, R. MacLelland, J. Crace, D. Tripp, S. Neal, Mr. McCarthy

HOCKEY TEAM

The Hockey Team held practices this year at Saint Mary's rink on Fridays from five to six o'clock. We were very fortunate in obtaining as coaches the experienced Messrs. McCarthy and McLellan. We were worked hard during practices, something which was needed to build a solid and aggressive team. The one hour per week practice time, however, wasn't quite enough to keep the team in shape.

Most of our competition came from a Rockingham squad. In the first game they beat us 6-3. Our goals were made by Crace, who scored twice, and Bob Richardson, who added a single. The second game ended in a 2-2 tie, with Crace and Tripp scoring. In our next game we clipped a team from Q.E.H. 5-3. Tripp got two tallies and Crace, Richardson, and Scouler scored singles. In its final game the team shut out Rockingham 3-0, the first shut-out recorded in the history of the School. The goal scorers were Piercey, Neal, and Crace. Doug Tupper, our goalie, turned in a spectacular performance.

As always, it is hoped that next year will be even more successful. To make this possible, we must have more competition, better organization, and at least one additional hour of practice per week.

I don't believe it.





3rd row: R. Richardson, T. Norwood, M. Soares, K. Vaughan, F. McGuire, P. Monahan, G. Crosby
 2nd row: A. MacLachlan, J. Crosby, J. Steeves, D. Rhude, R. Piercey, J. Welbourn, D. Tupper, T. Purves
 1st row: W. Hutchinson, D. Scouler, D. Tripp, J. Crace, W. Lim, S. Neal, M. Power, E. Lim

SOCCKER TEAM

This past fall our Soccer Team gained local recognition in being accepted into the Nova Scotia High School Soccer Competition. Practices were held regularly on our own field with Mr. Keshwar as coach. It was not long before we began to feel the unity which is important to any team.

Our first game, played at Saint Mary's, was with Halifax West. We were encouraged by our 4-0 victory. Two days later, however, Eastern Shore squeezed by us by 1-0 in a hard-fought, exciting contest. On October 8th we again met the Halifax West team and

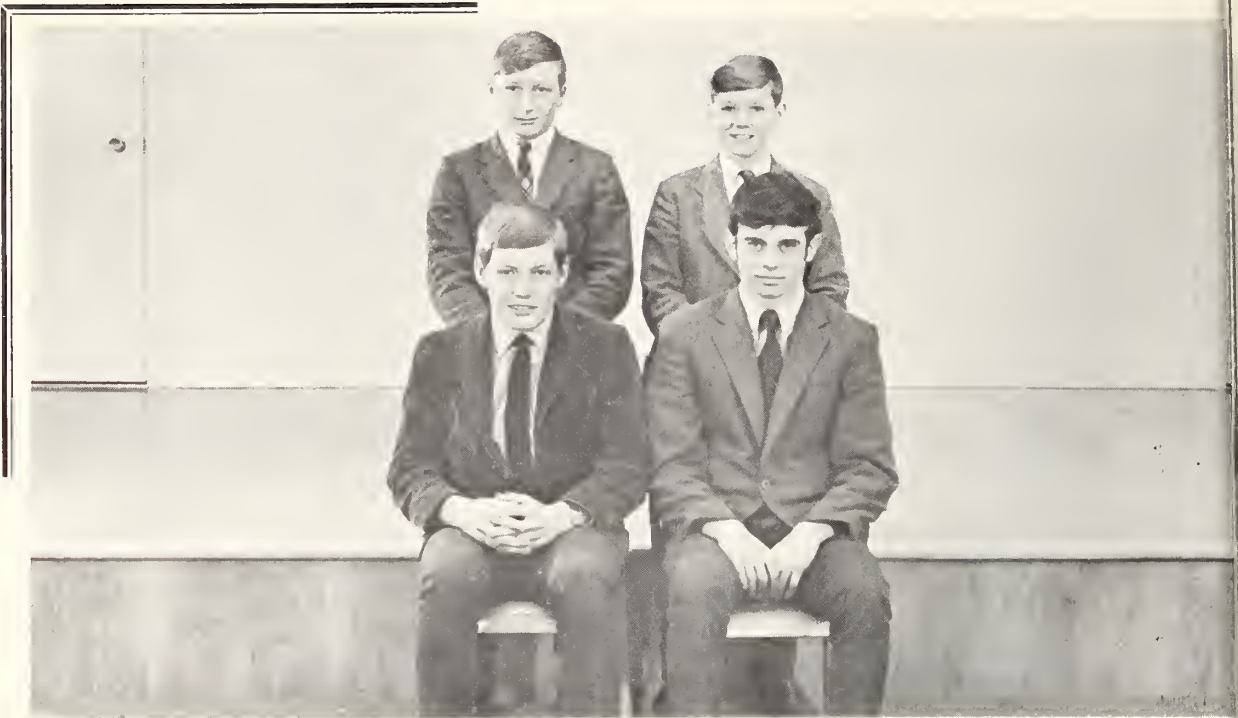
beat them 3-0. Unfortunately, on October 10th we were eliminated from further competition by a determined Eastern Shore team which defeated us 3-0; we just couldn't "get the ball down the road".

In addition to these Competition games, we also played two exhibition games during the season. We enjoyed a game with a School for the Blind team and won a match with Sidney Stephen of Bedford 4-1.

Naturally, we are all looking forward to an even more exciting and rewarding season next year—though we will sorely miss some of the stalwarts of Upper 4.



Up the road, man!

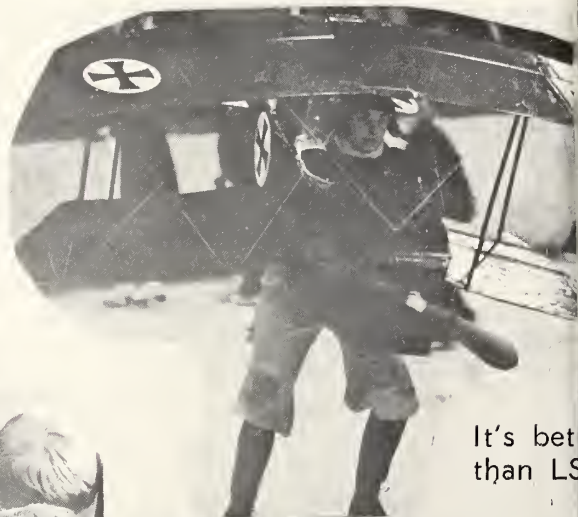


SKI TEAM

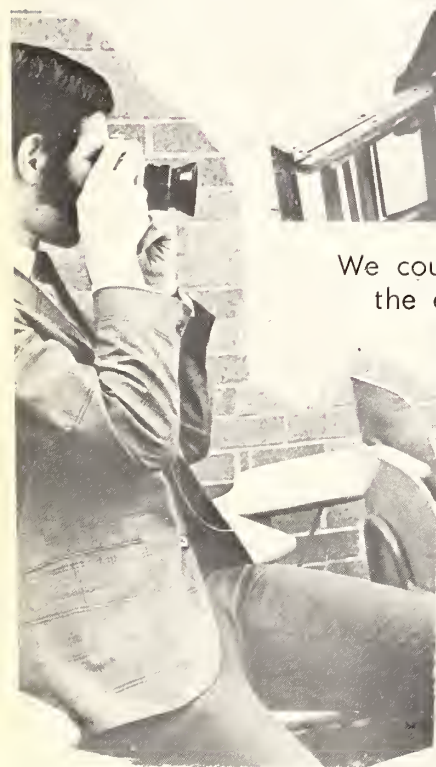
2nd row: Tobias Norwood, Peter Merchant
1st row: Rory Burton, John Welbourn



We couldn't find
the elevator.



It's bet
than LS



Bernard
Karsh.



Now MY
theory is . . .



The hand is quicker t



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

nd row: W. Stairs, G. Neal, R. Hawkins, T. Reid, M. Burnstein, A. Gillis
 nd row: D. Black, R. Shears, B. Medjuck, D. Hogan, J. McAuley, A. Gillis
 t row: Mr. McCarthy, R. Grant, R. Richardson, G. Crosby, A. MacLachlan, Mr. McLellan



LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER

nd row: A. Clark, R. Boyd, W. Mayo, C. Schandl, M. Burnstein, R. Quigley, H. Glube, G. Clark
 nd row: D. Heath, K. Honig, D. Ottman, P. Macnab, M. Pugsley, P. Richardson, P. Aterman, G. Auld
 t row: J. Garay, D. Ritchie, E. Jannasch, Mr. Johnstone, N. Hill, C. Piercey, C. Morrow



Perfect (?) form.

Hot
line
to
AUSTRALIA



I'm insecure.



But it's beneath my dignity



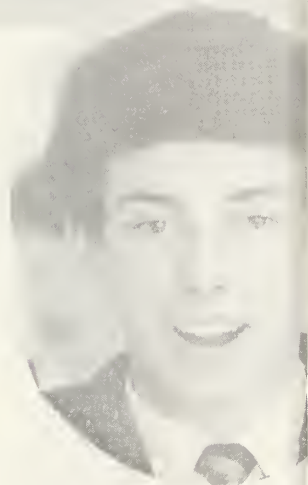
Candid camera.



Hop, skip, and a jump



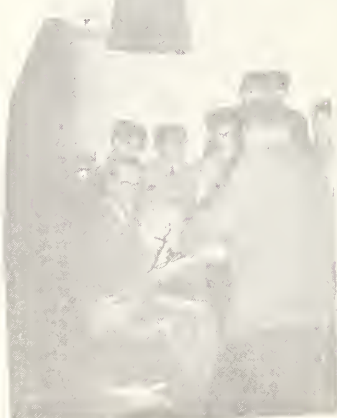
Where's my horse?



Who me?



Ah - choo!



Honors to Miss Mahar!



A Boy? . . . Where

Literary Supplement

Lower School

PREP ONE

First Prize

FLOWERS

Flowers in May,
Flowers in June,
Flowers all over,
And flowers in bloom,
Green and Yellow, Pink and Blue
Covered all over with morning dew.

Lynda Medjuck

Second Prize

MY BICYCLE

I like to ride my bicycle
In the wind and in the sun,
Whenever I am out at play
I ride it very far away
And it is such great fun.
I used to like my tricycle
When I was very small,
But now I like my bicycle
Best of all.

Robert Samek

Honorable Mention

A NEW DOG

Last week we got a puppy. He is black and tan, he has a blue collar. He is very frisky and likes to bite my bare feet, and he likes to bite my fingers. I like him very much.

Jamie Ritchie

PREP TWO

First Prize

CRYSTAL, THE SNOWFLAKE

Hi, I am a snowflake. My name is Crystal. I am a baby of thousands of big snowflakes. I come at winter time. When I fall from the sky, I see roof tops, smoke from the chimneys, cars on the road, and children playing.

Thump, I land on earth. It seems so queer. I see things like trees, steps and many windows. All the things I see are wonderful. Suddenly I am picked up. Someone crushes me into a snowball and throws me. I find myself on someones nose. I melt and die. Poor me, Crystal.

A fairy tale

Danny Carver

Second Prize
THE NEWSPAPER

I went to see some newspapers being made. The newspapers are very complicated. First they molded the letters on pieces of metal. Then they pressed the pieces of metal on yellow paper. After they pressed the metal on paper they put the yellow paper on rollers and as the paper moves very fast, the rollers turn with the tough yellow paper with ink on it, and the ink is pressed on to the paper. Then they fold the papers and the papers get addressed. Then the paperboy brings them to the houses.

Martin Honig

PREP THREE
First Prize
THE GIRL AND THE CROW

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was so poor that she had no food. One day she went out in the woods to look for food. While she was walking she met a crow who seemed to her to be an ordinary crow, but he wasn't. He was magic. "Good day", said Karen to the crow, "I am trying to find food. Will you show me where I can find some?" "You can find some right here", laughed the crow. He really meant it, but Karen couldn't see it, (for she did not know that the crow was magic.) "Now just wait a minute", chuckled the crow. "You do not know my secret, but now you will see." And, "Bang!" quick as a flash the wood was filled with food. "Why", exclaimed the surprised girl, "I didn't know that you were magic." "That was my secret", said the crow. "Now help yourself." "Thank you", replied the happy little girl. So there she stood eating like a little pig. The sparrow was also eating. "Now would you like to be friends?" asked the sparrow. "Yes", said the girl, "Now we'll see some adventures." So off they went together, food and all, to seek adventures.

Jennifer Thompson

Second Prize
THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING

Once upon a funny time,
I helped my sister make this rhyme.
I saw the flowers and the trees,
And heard the buzz of busy bees.

Once I went to smell a flower,
Then I began to see its power.
It began to nip me hard,
And I went running round the yard.

Time went slowly through the spring,
And I began to notice things.
But of all the flowers and the trees,
The best of all was the evening breeze.

After I composed this rhyme,
I went outside to have a lovely time.
Then I thought of all the things,
That I could see in the beautiful spring.

Jennifer Thompson

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Tranquillity

Photography

By

Edward Newman



PREP FOUR

First Prize

THE SEASHORE AT NIGHT

The sea laps quietly on the seashore. A lonely crab crawls onto the sand. Nearby in a little rock pool some little fish are swimming in the light of the moon. They are probably wishing that they will be able to get back to the sea. In the sea the seaweed sways gently. Silently a starfish moves towards the water on its hundred little feet. The sand is as smooth as silk. Only the little marks that the crab made are showing. A little breeze makes the top of the water wrinkle. Everything is very quiet. Nearby along the shore people are asleep in their summer cottages dreaming of swimming in the sea and maybe picnics on the beach. In a few hours the seagulls will wake and fly off to hunt for some breakfast. Then soon people will come and the noise of the day will start again.

Claire Carver

Second Prize

BRAVE INDIAN

Once upon a time
Such a very long time ago,
There lived a little Indian,
Brave Indian, I was told.

Now this little Indian brave
Did something very, very brave,
There was one little Indian squaw
Brave Indian tried to save.

She was the daughter of the chief
Not a very old chief was he,
He was the kind of chief that would say—
Come sit right on my knee.

And there was one great, great big tiger
That would come prowling all around,
And this time when he came prowling
He saw the squaw sitting on the ground.

This tiger liked little squaws
Especially when they are sitting on the ground,
He decided he wanted this squaw
So he didn't make a sound.

Brave Indian was just coming out of the teepee
When he saw the tiger coming near,
And he saw the squaw on the ground
But in him there was no fear.

He went inside the teepee
And came out with a can of "Meow" catfood,
So when the tiger saw it
It changed his whole mood.

This tiger liked "Meow";
It was his favorite kind of food.
He decided that the catfood
By himself was going to be chewed.

When he started to come near Brave Indian,
Brave Indian set the can right down,
Then the tiger started to purr
A strange purring kind of sound.

So now the village had a pet
A tiger pet you know,
But as far as you ever look now

You will never find it so.

Cathy Shaw

Honorable Mention

THE THREE LITTLE ELVES

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived three little elves (they were triplets). They lived with their mother and father.

Every day they went to school hand in hand, but instead of walking properly they went hoppity skippity hop.

Their mother was always worrying and thinking something might happen to them.

Every day as the elves skipped along they sang this rhyme:

We like skipping along
Singing this song,
Skippity,
Flippity,
Hop, hop, hop.

One day North Wind came and he said, "Hide your children's shoes and let them sleep in tomorrow. They will have to go to school with no shoes. I will nip them, that will cure them." "Bbbbut" Mrs. Elf started to object. Poof, the North Wind was gone.

Mrs. Elf did what North Wind told her and now her children walked like any civilized elf. And now whenever the triplets try to skip their shoes come off and North Wind nips their toes.

Veronica Byrom

Honorable Mention

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

In the past, those good old days,
When everything was innocent and pure,
The sky was blue, the grass was green,
And the water was clear as glass.
And that was the good old past.

But now we're in the present,
And this thing called smog is in the
Air; It's like a great glorious gas chamber,
But we don't seem to care.

And everywhere you look there's WAR!
WAR! WAR! and people shout more! more!
More! It's just like throwing out an
Apple core.

And then there's the future; they'll
Probably be no such thing as the sweet
Fresh air of the clear blue sea.
The sky will be black with pollution
And the grass will be gray and
Every day will be a tragedy.
OH! What happened to those good old days?

Julie Schwartz

Honorable Mention
BEING SICK

Written when I had
Hong Kong flu.

I have got the flu bug,
But just a second folks,
Cough! cough! spit! spat! ugg!
That really makes me choke!

I take red pills and white pills,
There's even one that's blue,
They're meant to take away this terrible disease,
The dreaded Hong Kong flu.

Phillip Hunt

MIDDLE ONE

First Prize

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TEETH

The pobble who has no teeth
Had them all when he was a boy,
When they said if you brush them you'll lose them all
He replied, "Ha, Ha, Ho, Hee, Hoy!"
His Aunt Jobiska bought him Crest
To keep away that cavity pest,
For she said, "The world brushes with Crest,
Three times a day and before they rest."

The Pobble who has no teeth
Took up dentistry,
He make the grades and opened an office
Up in Tennessee.
And his Aunt Jobiska said, "Whew!
You picked the right job my little nephew,
And I will make for you a great big feed
To satisfy your hungry greed."

He did very well and when patients came to him
He said, "Pick, Pick and a Puff, Puff, Piffy",
And had their teeth fixed in a jiffy.
But just then he forgot about
His own Crest and his teeth fell out.
So heed this warning: brush with Crest,
Three times a day and before you rest.
(With apologies to Edward Lear)
Not much to say in this particular poem,
So I think I should end it and go back home.

David Ottman

Second Prize

FARM

Wilting flowers
Apples sour
Grassless lawn
Mouldy brown
Half dead cows
Meatless sows
Demolished byre
In stove no fire
Paralyzed dogs
Bony hogs
The weakest horses

Rivers' dry sources
Ponds — no fish
Cats — no dish
Hens lay no eggs
Donkeys, weak legs
Cornfields, wind beaten
Left to be eaten
Skinny cats
Barn full of bats
Such is the farm with no owner.
Emanuel Jannasch



Edward Lim

*Student
Art Work*



Murray Newman



Alan Tibbetts



2nd row: Michael Monahan, Mr. Johnstone, William Price
1st row: Leah Edelstein, Mrs. Scobbie, Allen Finley

THE LIBRARY

This year has been the most successful in the history of the Grammar School Library. Under the devoted supervision and guidance of Mrs. Scobbie and Mr. Johnstone the entire operation and the atmosphere of the library have changed. The student librarians, Leah Edelstein, Michael Monahan, William Price, and Allen Finley, have responded well to the direction of these two hard-working teachers; books are now issued and returned properly under eagle eyes, and the general services of the library have been greatly improved.

The year has also been marked by the acquisition of a large number of new books, including a set of GREAT BOOKS. Books are being added constantly in all fields, adding greatly to the interest, value, and the use of the collection. One other interesting development in the library has been the addition of study-carrels to minimize the distractions to which students are inevitably exposed when they have to study in a small, crowded area. The cry now is, "If only we had more room!!"



Moo-o-o-o-o



The new audio-visual room

* * * * *

THE NEW ADDITION

Early in the life of the new building it was evident to almost everyone that room would be at a premium. Steadily the situation grew worse, until some classes had to meet in an upstairs corridor lobby. It became increasingly clear that the aims and purposes for which the School had been founded could not be achieved without more space. Once again the parents demonstrated their dedication and undertook the building of an addition. Lysander said, "The course of true love never did run smooth." He must have been thinking of devoted parents and school building.

Contractors were busy; workmen were scarce; suppliers were added; transport pixilated. Still, in the end—and for some at School the end came none too soon, what with dust,

pounding, dropping of I-beams, screaming of drills, saws, and sanders—in the end, the addition was completed—and everyone has been getting as much use of it as possible ever since.

The addition consists of a large assembly room, better and better equipped with all kinds of audio-visual aids, a large class room, intended ultimately to be used as a biology laboratory, and a photographic darkroom without any equipment. The darkroom, however, like the other larger areas in the new addition, can boast of comfortable, durable, green wall-to-wall carpeting. Don't get the wrong impression! We love every inch of it; we're just hungry for more.



Coming in for a landing



STUCK? In these plush surroundings?

Honorable Mention

A SEQUEL TO "ELDORADO"

The knight with his sword, his shield, his mace,
Searching for this gallant place.
Onward, onward, onward knight,
The Shadow of Pilgrim has heard your plight.

The gold, the silver, the jewels, you seek,
When you find them, will you be too old, too weak?
If and whenever, you find your Eden,
Will it be enough to satisfy your greed? Or,

Onward, onward, to the Valley of the Shadow,
Searching for your Eldorado.

Michael Pugsley

MIDDLE TWO

First Prize

LITTLE BIRD

Soaring like a diving plane
Why do you do it little bird?
Why don't you peacefully sleep in your nest
Instead of acting so absurd?

Now look,
You've made your feathers fall.
If you keep on going
I'll soon have them all.

Oh, little bird,
Be a sensible thing.
Do like you mama,
Sit still and sing.

Pamela Medjuck

Second Prize

VIGIL

Through the long stretches of the bitter-cold watch,
The man at the helm fits tiller in notch.
Softly, softly, sweet waves of sleep,
Steal over the one who vigil must keep.
And the last he knows is the soft slap of waves
Throwing themselves over and over again.

The sails were luffing, the mizzer was wild,
The slapping of waves no longer was mild.
The storm-tossed vessel pitched and rolled,
The fish flapped about in the large, spacious hold.

Birds were outlined against the gray dawn,
The colours grew vivid:
Night's curtain was drawn;
The storm now vanished.
All traces were banished
Of a storm on the Sea of the Sunrise Wind.

Michele Raymond

Honorable Mention

MRS. CHATTER AND MRS. GABBYGUT'S SHOPPING SPREE
(and the consequences)

Everybody has heard of the famous explosion in the Halifax Harbour in 1917. But possibly not everybody is aware of the happenings that led up to that event. This is how the story goes.

Mrs. Chatter and Mrs. Gabbygutz had just arrived in Halifax with their husbands. (Goodness only knows what they would want to come to Halifax for.) It was seven o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Chatter knocked on Mrs. Gabbygutz's door and said, "Oh Myrtle, I've just heard the good news. Eatons is having a gigantic sale. We must get over there right away before all the good things are gone!"

"Yes, yes, Gabrielle", was the reply. "Just wait 'til I grab my husband's cheque book. Have you got yours?" "Of course, I wouldn't come without it."

Somehow they managed to sneak off their ship and catch a carriage over to Eatons. When they got there they bought everything that they possibly could. From dresses to books, from children's toys (although they didn't have any children) to candelbras. On the way to the ship they had so many packages that they took three carriages just for the packages. They followed in another one.

When they arrived at their cabins their husbands were so shocked that they exploded. The explosion was so great that the whole ship was destroyed and also another one that was near it.

Of course the people of Halifax, not knowing what had caused the explosion, had to make up a story about a fire and then the explosion but now you know the true story.

Tracey Brown



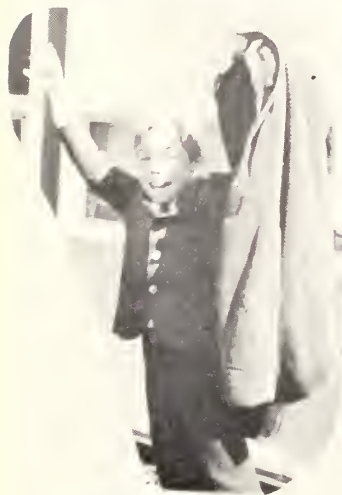
Lord of the flies.



The Met.



Mere-poule



School's out



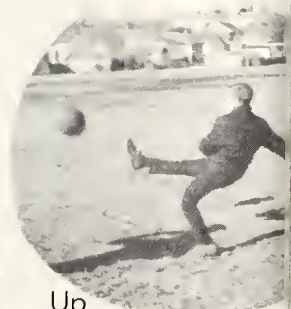
Bar-Mitzvah.



I bet it's the Crest.



Who's Roughhousing.



Up the road, man!



You do agree with me?

That's what sisters are for.



But it won't close

Literary Supplement
Upper School

憶故鄉 郭立信
 每每離家話別短
 遙遙相去萬餘里
 不覺出門已半載
 錦繡山河彷彿見
 青山綠水在我懷
 美麗回憶永不逝
 但願光陰像流水
 早日學成歸故鄉
 但願故鄉如夢境
 方我來日返家園

MEMORIES

I left without saying good-bye,
 Ten thousand miles from home I fly,
 The fair landscape I recall
 Appears to stand before my eyes,
 With green meadows and lofty hills —
 Beautiful memories I will not forget.

I hope time will like the river flow
 That I will soon fulfil my goal.
 I hope my homeland will remain the same
 When I return someday again.

Philip Kwok

First Prize In Poetry

THREE POEMS BY HELEN FLINT
CLASS OF 1969

A BOOK OF SONG

Now that he has sketched
His wings horizon wide,
And left a book of song
Among the orchard,
He sits upon the pensive afternoon

Below, he knows,
The people dream of notes
On things he cannot understand;
Reason with their pens
Not their hearts;
And love each other
In little stops and starts.

Still, he remembers
Swimming on the sky's
Deep blue enclosure;
And the pain
Of sacrificing perfidiousness
To the seasons-
Seeking warmer suns
And longer days.

And he recalls
A wild reunion
With the silent dawn.
And he remembers
Hopping through the ocean
On the green and slippery
Lips of the storm.

And as the afternoon
Skims under evening
And the champions of the day
Slink off to sleep,
Then, in the hot,
Slow breath of night,
He knows that in the morning
All the mists and colours
Will rise to greet the sun,
And he will mingle
In the kiss of sun and earth,
And surrender himself
To be forever singing
Parodies to the wind.

HOPSCOTCH DANCE

No need of another Heaven
When white wild swans
Slid palely
Through narrow woods
Of toneless chants on childhood.

No need more tears of memory
When we pledged our pleasure.
With a sixpence, to the hurdy-gurdy man
Or climbed forbidden fences
And chalked out hopscotch dances.

No need such dull complacency
To feel a shadow wasted
Or stilled among sawns' epitaphs.
No need of any other things:
For these were once our angels' wings

THE QUESTION

Life is a poem,
We rhyme,
We rhythm,
We stanza,
We end.
The question is
What is a poem?

First Prize Essay

"BELLA ITALIA" BY CLAIRE WILSON
CLASS OF 1971

BELLA ITALIA

At first glance the little towns perched on the steep cliffs beside the Ligurian Sea appear to be deserted except for the shiny green lards sunning themselves on the dry stone walls of the olive and fig orchards. All the shutters have wooden shutters tightly closed against the glance of humanity or the whims of nature, and the pastel colours of the walls have faded under the onslaught of sun and wind. But the houses are lived in; the people of the town have gone down through steep passages between them, to spend the day splashing in the sea or playing in the sand. How different is the way of life in these Ligurian villages from that of Rome or Venice or Florence and yet how similar they all are.

Rome is a gay city, the swinging capital, a place where very old and very new are closely blended. Despite the fact that ancient Roman ruins are to be found almost everywhere, the past does not cast an overwhelming shadow across the city . . . it is one of great contrasts. Walking along a narrow back street, it is very easy to imagine oneself in the times of medieval Rome; the stone troughs decorated with the heads of old gods, the uneven cobbled streets, serve as a constant reminder of the past. Turning the corner into one of the busy roads beside the Tiber, with snarled traffic and gaping subway entrances, the tourist is suddenly transported into today's world . . . yet, curiously, it's just what one expects in Rome.

Florence is as different from Rome as it is from the Ligurian seaside towns. Nestled in a picturesque valley in the Tuscan country-

side through which the Arno River flows, it has a cosy, small-town atmosphere. The tall dark cypress trees, the blue skies, and the terraced, grape growing hillsides, all remind one of the landscapes in Renaissance paintings. The city itself, with its red tiled roofs and sand coloured walls, is what the North American tourist usually considers typically Italian. No other city could have so many marvellous works of art tucked away in every building and every church.

Venice is unique. Every tourist sees the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, and St. Mark's Square; the crowds in these places are almost all foreigners. But there is also a part of the city which, though not so commonly seen, is much more Venetian: small canals criss-crossed with stone bridges, ancient houses whose cellars are open to the dark green canal water as they have been for centuries, a city within a city where the traditional cries of the gondoliers and the swish of oars take the place of the traffic noises of other cities. Venice remains much as it has been and always will be so long as it still attracts tourists . . . without them it would slowly die.

Italy is a country with many faces. One never has to look far behind the facade shown to the ordinary tourist to find an entirely different aspect of Italian life. The people are one of the friendliest races, their food is magnificent, and their are treasures overwhelming. I think I would have to visit many countries before I found any to surpass Italy in beauty and charm.

Claire Wilson
Upper II.

First Prize Short Story

"THIRTEEN DISTANT YEARS"

BY JANET SHEPPERSON

CLASS OF 1971

Saturday morning. The smell of bacon frying and my father standing over the stove in dressing-gown and slippers, cooking breakfast for my mother who was still in bed. I still couldn't get used to the morning routine of the household: Louise padding around and getting in everyone's way, Simon yelling and banging on the bars of his cot, Tony drinking tomato juice at the breakfast table and not speaking to anyone. To me it was utter chaos; until a year ago I had been used to the dreamy quiet of a little modern bungalow in the country, in a very select housing development near London. Almost as bad as my mother's death had been leaving all the things I knew and loved, and being adopted into a large, noisy family in a bustling city with a soul that was constantly hurrying.

The completion of the morning ritual came when, in comparative quiet, the family sat round the breakfast table.

"What are you doing this morning, Jean?" my father would ask.

I resented this question, as an invasion of my privacy. Most Saturday mornings I would wander around the sand and rubble of an empty building site near my home--anything to escape from the noise and bustle that was driving me half mad.

"I'm having a friend over--I already told you, remember?"

"Alright, there's no need to be rude," said my father.

I glowered at my plate, hating him like poison. Everything I did or said was always criticized. He had no right to try to run my life.

Tina arrived at half-past nine, wearing jeans and a flowery blouse and a happy smile. I had to admit she was a friendly person, but I felt no need of friends; life was too crowded and over-complicated already.

We sat in my bedroom, drinking orange. "Why don't you introduce me to your brother?" said Tina.

"Oh, you wouldn't want to meet him. He's

a slob. Anyway, he's probably out somewhere."

Fortunately he had missed hearing her coming in, or he would already have introduced himself. He was girl-crazy.

"You don't like him much, do you?" said Tina. "Actually, that's the best excuse I've heard. Most people just tell me I'm too interested in boys."

I said, "You don't look it."

She laughed and started telling me how much she wished she had a brother, or maybe two. How lonely it was being an only child. How much she envied me for having a big, closely-knit family. All the time she stared out of the window at the ugly, soot-grimed shapes of roof-tops and television aërials, and wondered how she could be so blind, and understand so little.

"You're just like everyone else," I said. "Trying to tell me how lucky I am. Don't you understand how much I hate this family? We're always having rows. All I want to be left alone and get away from all these kids and my parents interfering. I used to be an only child and I loved it."

"Tell me about that," said Tina.

I closed my eyes and remembered the little room where I was born. It had gracious white-painted walls and a thick blue carpet and from the window there was a view of a rocky slope covered with conifers, with the river at the bottom, winding away like a painted river in a Constable landscape. My mother used to tell me about how, when I was little, the river flooded half way up the house, but that was when my father was still living with us and I could scarcely remember that time.

When I grew older I had a room of my own; my mother helped to decorate it. I remember her as pretty, and young, and laughing; she wore fashionable clothes and invited all the neighbours to lively cocktail parties in the elegant, wood-panelled basement. Sometimes we would go on picnics together, my mother and I and one of my

(Continued on page 5)



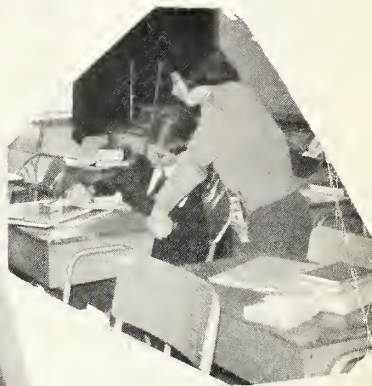
Tonsilitis?



Big Brother
is watching
you.



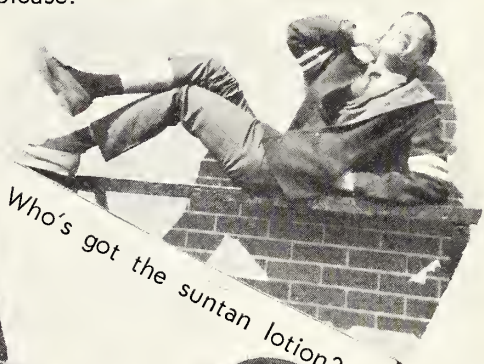
I'm perfect.



This teaching profession!



Pretty please.



Who's got the suntan lotion?

Jean-Claude Welbourne.



Quixotic quintet.

Sitting on
what desk?



How did
you do
that?



Vat's dat, you say?

friends. She was always very understanding; she said that we both had to live our own lives, but she was always there when I was unhappy or wanted to talk to her about anything.

After I had finished talking to Tina, she sat in silence for a minute and then said, "Jean, I don't want to upset you, but if your mother was so nice and so good, why did she get divorced?"

"I don't want to talk about that. My father was a horrible domineering man and all he ever thought about was making money and being respectable."

"I'm sorry. But you like both your parents now?"

"No. You're lucky; your parents are amazed. Mine are beyond hope."

"Oh Jean," she laughed, "You always know what you haven't got."

How could I ever make her understand how I hated their boring, squalid life with its petty restrictions? How could I ever get anyone to understand? I stared out of the window, not understanding Tina, not understanding anyone, perhaps not even understanding my real mother or myself, in those distant years of my life that were gone forever now.

Janet Shepperson,
Upper 2

* * * * *

Special Honorable Mention
Robert Grant — Middle Four

A TWITTERING OF MAN

The hour's four along the Thames;
The scholar's having tea.
"By Jove! A murmururation, luv,
Is sitting in the tree."

"A murmururation, Percival?
It looks more like a host.
I surely do see sparrows
Sitting on that post."

"I beg your pardon, Charity;
Your eyesight's dim as fog.
If ever I saw a starling,
It's sitting on the log."

"I still say it's a sparrow."
"A starling - see - you're wrong."
"I'm sure it is a sparrow;
Listen to its song."

"I'm sorry to oppose you two
But truly that's a lark,"
Said their young son Archibald,
Who left with that remark.

They fetched the glass and took a look
And gave an exclamation:
"Good show, Archie! Larks it be -
A glorious exaltation!"

Second Prize In Poetry

"NO ONE REMEMBERS" BY JANET SHEPPERSON
CLASS OF 1971

NO ONE REMEMBERS

There is a gray sky merging into evening,
And poplars sighing in the wind, stirring faintly
The memories of forgotten things; suddenly
The poplars are green again in a line
Against the crazy heaven of a Van Gogh sky:
Musical evening. Outdoor violins battle against the mosquitoes;
Everyone laughs, faces half hidden in the dusk;
Two boys ride a sports car in circles across the grass --
Then there is silence again; the violins fade
Into the poplars sighing on a bleak November day . . .
And no one remembers now . . .
Gray days and sunshine days . . .
Sunshine on sand, two people, one moment,
Watching soft clouds filming the sun and seagulls on the warm gray
sand --
White waves whispering lovingly from a jade sea,
The waves tumbling and turning away
Memories, and all the brightness fades
Into the safe respectability of four gray walls,
And no one remembers.

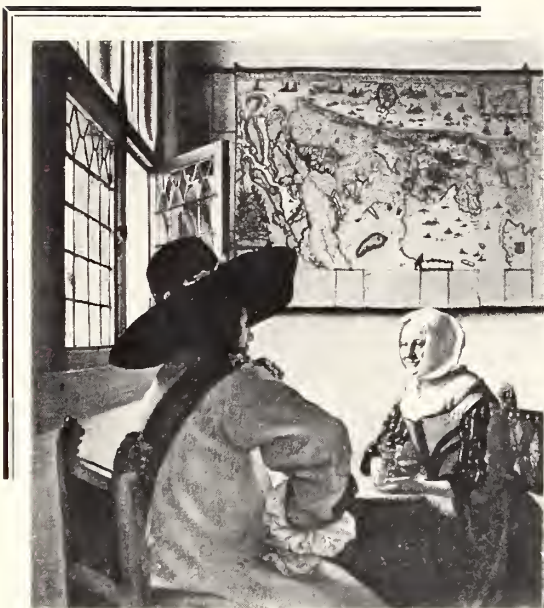
* * * * *

Honorable Mention In Poetry

"THE PARISHIONER" BY KENNETH VAUGHAN
CLASS OF 1970

THE PARISHIONER

The steps of the parish church stand blandly before him
As his being progresses to the ultimate tee.
He mounts the steps in a sedate fashion, driver-in-hand.
He "tees-off", sending the Prayer-book two hundred yards down the aisle.
He motors along in his "Comfortable Pew", slowly meditating his terrain
While fellow enthusiasts trudge wearily past.
From the deeper recesses of his mind,
He hears a man preaching to him saying
Something or other (from his soapbox at the wayside)
Concerning something crucially important about the church;
So back to the game. After losing sufficient interest at the ultimate green,
He pays the sidesman (walking down the aisle) his greenfee
and walks to the entrance of his Clubhouse for his coat.
He pays his respects to the Pro, but only in words.
Then he saunters off to his car and drops his cleets
his clubs for another week.



The Soldier and the Laughing Girl

Art Assemblies

Rembrandt, Dufy, Michelangelo, Da Vinci, Seurat, Thompson, Lissmer, Caravaggio, El Greco, Fauvist, Pointillist, abstract, non-objective, and more and more and more. . . .

Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Sibelius, Symphony, concerto, Gould, pianissimo, suite, clarinet, basso profundo, and still more and more. . . .

If these terms are unknown to you or merely vaguely familiar, you should get into the habit of attending the series of art and music assemblies which have been blossoming this year. Generally twice, and sometimes three times a week, we have gathered in the Audio-Visual Room of the new addition to spend a little time with the lives, the thoughts and the works of these musicians and painters. Though we may not all become experts, we are definitely gaining some confidence in our awareness of what has gone on in these fields through the ages. Matthew Arnold said that culture is "knowing all the best that has been thought and said in the world." We are making an effort.



Captive Audience

Second Prize Short Story

"SANS PEUR; SANS REPROCHE" BY PAUL TALBOT
CLASS OF 1971

SANS PEUR; SANS REPROCHE

Tiles. Some with muffled green. Some with the gray which in a bygone era was white. Some with scrapes from the heels. Some with chewing gum, but all are very much alive: all individualistic. As I stand in this terminal, tiles are my habitat. Each tile equals twenty-one square inches of raw soul. How many square inches of tile cover the floor of this dirty terminal? How many miles into his mind could I travel on my tiles before my tiles would run out? I count them, and I see an alley of grim hope becoming increasingly brighter. He once said "the more the merrier" to me, possibly against me, and the quotation penetrated my skull, lodging itself in the ghetto of my mind. Yes, I shall count them all, very carefully and precisely, and then maybe I'll tell him the results. I shall count them until he is no more. I used to carve you, plunging the cold hard steel into the depths of your flesh: destroying, but creating. Now I create with you, and not against you. Sixty-nine.

How long have I endured, struggling against his mysterious mind, only to find myself being torn apart before her crystalline eyes? I have been the victim of his keenly focused frustration. Her perfect body is not near, but I feel her soul comforting me. Every word she pours me is melodic; every smile radiant; every move delicate; every night ecstatic. Yes, with her golden image beside me I will come out on top. I see her, and with all due respect I touch her. The unison of our selfish cells liberates my mind. Both of us think the same of him. Both of us try to avoid him but we fail. She has never set eyes on him, and has no desire to. She hates him too. Three hundred and seventy-six.

He couldn't possibly appreciate or understand her. If he could, he certainly wouldn't want to. With hope in his eyes and anguish deeply engraved in his features he doesn't look like the spiritualist he actually is. He has happily voyaged the length of the Mweru and back again each fortnight, only to find last week's *Saturday Review of Literature* rotting away in his emerald studded mail-

box. He actually relaxes to Alessandro Scarlatti; reads only Adelbert von Chamisso and Camus. In his foyer is boldly displayed Dis-cobolus. Indecent? No, my tiles-cultural. Seven hundred and ninety-nine.

His analysis of me is knavish. I am a "foul, undisciplined cocky kid"; "kid"; thirty-one years of age and still a "kid". That's his speed. Dylan would defend me; Zappa would laud me; Hendrix would burn me; Ginsberg would buy me; but none of them have arrived to help me yet. She told me that only they were to be trusted. But he probed the depths of my cerebrum; he had to tear me apart and bring me down to earth. He told me to change my outlook and come up overground and look at life through his eyes. Why should I read all the old stuff when Leonard Cohen and Rod McKuen bring us up to date? How can Robert Southey's "Battle of Blenheim" compare with today's brilliant anti-war material? Yes, I hate him for his unforgivable ignorance. He is nothing but a semi-cultured farmer. Two thousand, six-hundred and seventy-nine.

She told me that once she got to read of his hate towards me in an employee analysis report he had compiled. In the second line of the first paragraph I was a "bold animal suppressing terrible anger, really disappointing". Both of us know that his report is meaningless, groundless, and sick. What else can you expect from a charlatan who serves his dinner guests silovitz in dixie-cups? In his eyes I am down and out. How can he know? I make a point of never speaking to him, avoiding him as much as possible, and I have hurt him in my own innocent fashion. I hope he enjoys the telomike capacitor analyzer I ordered for him, and I hope he enjoys paying freight on it if he decides to return it. All the encyclopedia and hearing-aid salesmen that are calling on him; the bothersome telephone calls, the broken windows, stolen hubcaps, and omnipotent bonfires are all of my doing. Yes, he is certainly my slave even without the switch. Four thousand, nine-hundred and seven.

Both of us devised the switch, although

she came up with the idea in a somewhat cruder form before my early experimentation. It is well hidden in a closet of my second office adjacent to the "Bats" tape recorder. After we finished building it, which was an extremely dull chore, save her presence, we added a tricky device. It was decided that when I wanted to, I could pull the switch, and would, with no further effort on my behalf, destroy the person whom I hated the most. She knew that I hated him more than anyone else, and certainly I did, so both of us forgot about the switch for awhile. Seven thousand, seven hundred eighty-six.

For three weeks we have lived together between the interruptions of commercialism. Our dwelling is singular and not large, but serves its purpose. It has one window, overlooking the side window of an adjacent building. Our furnishings are simple but not crude; our lives are rewarding. I read my Philip Roth, and she her Gore Vidal. The music we breathe is Steppenwolf, our clothes stereotype, our food kosher, and our lives are one. Each morning we leave one another and late each afternoon we meet again. Nocturnal hours witness our bizarre athletics. To break the monotony, we drop plastic bags of boiling water out the window and watch them lazily descend the four filthy floors to meet their fate on the cold, gray sidewalk. Only once did we hit anyone, and he was only a cop. Eight thousand seventy-three.

When I awoke this morning, she was not beside me. I ran into the hall and saw her crash the receiver into the dirty payphone's cradle. She ran barefoot over the splintered floor past me through the door, looking more pleased with herself than usual. She bathed; I showered; we ate; we spoke not; and left one another. A few minutes ago I parked and came in. Going hastily past the door of his office, I managed to catch a glimpse of him smiling at me, and he wished

me good morning. I didn't reply, and took the elevator to the twenty-first floor. I unlocked my office door, and went over to look at my mail. (Even I am subject to unsolicited mail concerning hearing-aids.) One envelope in particular stopped me because on its face was simply my name, with no stamp or Pitney-Bowes imprint. I ripped it open, and had to read written in his complacent handwriting, "Summer has its Terrors". Nine thousand, four hundred thirty-two.

I ran out the door and bolted down the barren corridor to my second office. I found the door open and left it that way. I opened the closet door and saw the bat's tape recorder. The switch was on the wall, and I guided my trembling hand toward the switch. "Foul, undisciplined cocky kid". My heartbeat was amplified to the volume of a roar. "Bold animal, suppressing terrible anger. Really disappointing". My sweat-riddled fingers grasped the handle, although my grasp wasn't secure. "Summer has its Terrors". I had to pull. Ten thousand tiles and I had won.

It was in actuality only a few seconds ago that I pulled the switch. I am lying on the carpet, catching sound-blast out of a broken tape recorder. Every move I make to control my limbs is in vain. My breathing is irregular. They have just entered the door. She holds his note and his hand, and smiles. Both approach me, but my eyesight is deteriorating. She swears at me. Her voice is as it always has been, but now it tears my flesh, ripping arteries and crushing bones. She makes me drink my own blood from her shoe, and swears at me more. Behind her he has bent down and commenced praying, and I start to rotate rapidly around his body. The taperecorder is heaved through the window, then the switch, then what is left of me. Twenty-one floors later I land on a man, but he is only a cop. Zero, I have lost.

* * * * *

Honorable Mention In Poetry

"THE SEA" BY ROBERT FINLEY

CLASS OF 1974

The sea is my meadow;
A boat is my mare.
The spray in my eyes
Is the dust and the glare.

The swells are the mountains
That heave and then fall,
As my horse and I jump
High over them all.

My bow towards the sunset;
The wind well abeam;
The sea's drifting by
With a yellowish gleam.

The sky is so clear
With nothing in sight
But a fiery star
And a beautiful night.

Second Prize In The Essay

"HOME REMEDIES" BY VERONICA McGUIRE
CLASS OF 1974

HOME REMEDIES

Many home remedies were born of necessity when people depended on herbs from nature for their survival. Most of them are traditional superstitious beliefs although some are accepted in medical use today.

Magic was used extensively particularly in countercharms. These words usually kept a secret which, when said by the right person, could bring the needed relief. An injury was cured by passing a hand in a circle a few inches away from the injury, saying these words:

"Hovela, hovela
Kavela, strech—
Es marris a free
Is alles aveck."

Fish was used abundantly in home remedies such as: eat salt cod to prevent car-sickness; and since colds are common at this time of the year, salt herring at the feet is a sure cure. Goose oil was also taken for a remedy for colds. For frozen feet, the feet would be soaked in rum. An

Indian tried this once, but, instead of soaking his feet in the rum, he drank it. When the doctor protested, the Indian replied with a smile, "Soon reach toes!"

Herbs were also a common ingredient in home remedies. For example, rhubarb root was taken for a laxative, and sauerkraut as a tonic for appetite.

Animal manure was frequently employed in home remedies. A cow-manure poultice was put on the neck to treat diphtheria.

Because acne is common at the teen-age stage, some of you might try the following: to a glass of water add two tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of salt, before dressing; stir with a carpenter's iron nail, and let set. By the time you are dressed, it has settled. Drink the water off this.

Other home remedies might involve something altogether different. For a sore throat, a sock (the dirtier the better) was put on the neck. (If the sock will stick to the ceiling, it's a sure cure.)

Most home remedies were for physical purposes, although some involved mental illness. One was, "If downhearted, apply a preparation of holy water. Add silver, or preferably gold." This could be drunk or sprinkled over one's self.

Although some of these beliefs may sound strange, I have no doubt that in some parts of Nova Scotia home remedies are still in use today by superstitious people.

Honorable Mention In Poetry

"BIAFRA" BY HELEN FLINT
CLASS OF 1969

TO BIAFRA

Oh child!
Will you outlive me?
Loved,
And carried with me
On the back of Africa.

A handful of Ibo's
Fight the world,
Diminish daily,
While Europe
Clicks her tongue
And watches.

Do you remember
Watching the automobiles
Rattle over the dust,
And calling out "Onyatchi"?
Can you still smell
The bananas we sold
For fantastic pennies?
Do you still say that
Word - NIGERIA?

Do you still wait
For the Hausa men
To sell your Mama
Dead Beer-bottle beads?
Do you still wait
For Father's master
To grant him a half-day
Holiday
For the Ekpe celebrations
All under the heat
Of the Harmattan sky?

No, only
The smashed Mango trees,
The burning palm-oil rivers,
And the crackling
Palm tree leaves.
Only the civil war songs-
The Biafran rhythm of death.
Oh son!
Do your young eyes
Descry the water?
Is that the Niger already?
Can you see the Ferry-master
Commenting on the shrubs?
Can you see brown bodies gleaming
At the muddy water's edge?

But I am felled
By flying metal
And many sorrowful retreats.
How strange to greet again
My Africa!
And sad to see
The hands, so black,
So ebony,
Gently at the trigger
They have held forever.

Helen Flint, 16

Identifications for page 13: 1-Neal; 2-Kwok; 3-Flint; 4-MacLachlan; 5-Scouler; 6-Evans; 7-Tripp; 8-Newman; 9-McCaul; 10-Power; 11-Vaughan; 12-Tupper; 13-Hutchinson; 14-Gumpert; 15-Crace.

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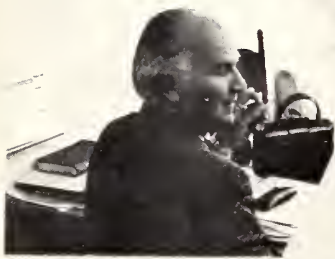
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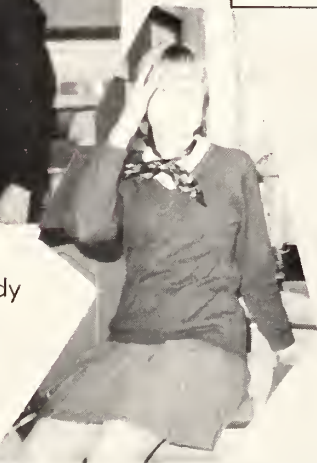
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